SPORADIC NOT PERIODICAL.

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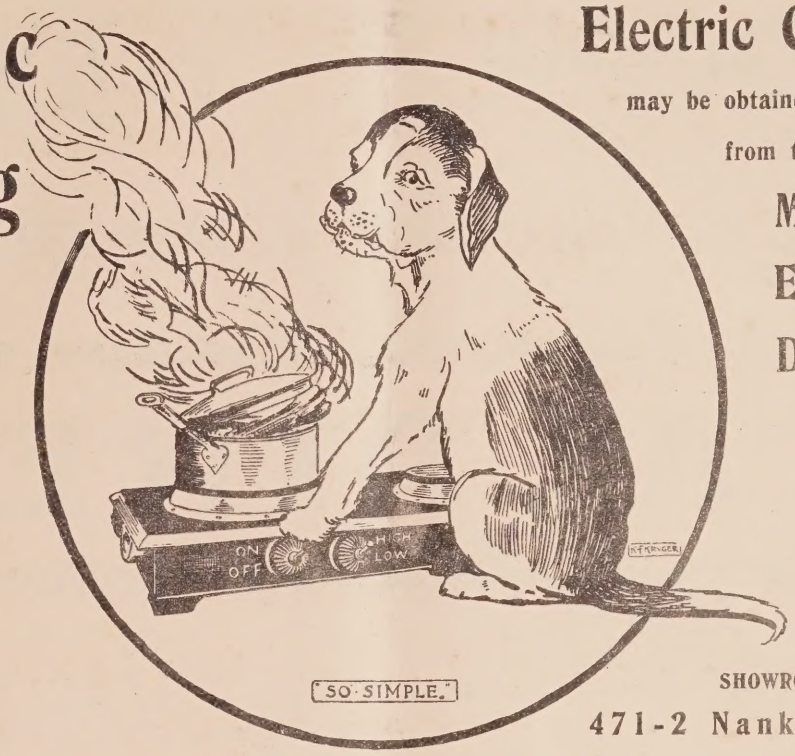

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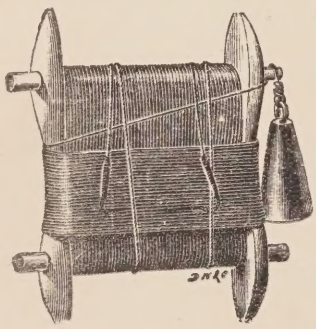

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QUACK

THERE were giants in those days. So says the Old Testament narrative, and it is one of the few of the startling announcements in the Pentateuch to which modern criticism has left a rag of credibility. There may have been. It is doubtful. Evolution statistics and calculations may or may not confirm it. With this we are not concerned. Perhaps there were, and perhaps there were not. But of one thing we are certain. There are none now.

* * *

We pick the dead leaves off the geraniums so as to keep the beds tidy. We pick the roads up when and where the traffic is heaviest so as to keep up tradition. And, in Quackery, we pick holes in our neighbours' behaviour so as to keep up our sales. There's nothing like a dig at Mrs. McCormick to set folks talking, and it is only one step between talking and buying a copy: Price $1. So also it is only one step between picking and stealing. And between these two comes borrowing. To borrow with discrimination is practically to solve the riddle of life. It is worse than foolish to borrow from one who may press for return; borrowings should be small and frequent, rarely consecutively from the same source; they should have the appearance of being most unusual and quite deliberate; applications should be crisp and state a definite object. If these maxims are faithfully followed the sound of the sweep of the scythe of The Reaper will fall on the ear without shock or remorse.

* * *

There are few occupations so out of date as shedding tears. It was a recognised pursuit fifty or a hundred years ago, when to be carried away in a flood of tears and a sedan chair was the fitting climax of a debutante's first rout or party. And now? Why, beyond the bellowings of a fractious two-year-old, who can say they have seen anyone cry for perhaps ten years? In the millennium when the human race has ceased to vary and we are all about four foot six and as like as peas, it is probable that the shedding of tears will be a thing of the past. The tear duct will be, like the rudimentary tail or the appendix, no more than an interesting or troublesome survival. I've heard a woman say she had relieved herself by a good cry, but I rather think she read of such an incident in a novel, thought it novel thing to do, went up unto her bedroom for the purpose, and ended by tidying the handkerchief drawer. An ancient monument covered with tourists' initials and a Portuguese looking for employment are two of the most teary spectacles I know of: modern practice, however, is to dam their eyes as well as your own.

* * *

I think it was Swinburne who said (this of course is journalese, for, as a matter of fact, I've just read it) that Swift revived Aristophanes and anticipated Dickens. The phrase is portentous but I don't think there is very much real observation in it. Be that as it may such a remark without rivetting the attention does at all events catch furiously the eye. Did he? For myself I am prepared to let the schoolmen debate and decide, but anyhow the idea might have been more happily expressed. Athenian humour and comedy are beyond ordinary club talk. Part of 'The Frogs' in the Fourth and 'Plutus' for the Little-go do not qualify one to say much in re. 'Tis the other half of the tag which I object to. The immensity of Swift, his resentment, his vindictiveness, his misanthropy! What phase of your early Victorian scribbler do these anticipate? His tenderness, his passion, his reality! Where do we look for these in the modern comedian named? I don't want to get too excited but I should have liked it better if Swinburne had said no more than that the Dean found a faint echo in Dickens.

* * *

The task which the men of China will have before them, that is when China does really breed some men, will not be a difficult one. To control the most controllable race on earth, to govern the most governable, to administrate the law-abiding, to provide for the provident, these are not the jobs which fell to the lot of Elizabeth, or William of Orange, or Bismarck, or Cavour. But the men of China don't seem to be coming along. The dignity of ignorance is being lost with China's other assets and a fatuous pride of race is being added to her long list of liabilities. Those who look for leaders are confronted with a mob in a wilderness crying, "Whither? Whither?"

C.P.R.

A PROPOS DE FETES

C'était l'heure de la sieste : étendu paresseusement sur ma chaise longue je sentais une douce somnolence m'envahir peu à peu et mes pensées perdre progressivement de leur précision pour s'estomper en de vagues rèveries lorsqu'un importun coup de sonnette vint brutalement y mettre fin.

Tout en grognant contre le malencontreux visiteur, je jetai un coup d'œil sur la carte noire de titres et d'appellations diverses que le boy venait de me remettre.

Que diable peut bien me vouloir le sieur Chu Liao Zou, docteur en médecine de la Faculté de Berlin, agrégé belge, licencié en sciences politiques françaises, vingt-deuxième attaché militaire de son Excellence le Président de la République Chinoise ?

—Excusez-moi de vous déranger me dit le vingt-deuxième attaché, en assujettissant le bouchon de carafe qui constellait sa multicolore cravate, mais je suis chargé par le Président Yuen Chi Kai d'une mission très délicate. En effet le Conseil des Ministres bien que légèrement désorganisé à l'heure actuelle n'en expédie pas moins les affaires que leur importance rend très urgentes : il a notamment décidé dans sa dernière séance de célébrer l'avénement de la République Chinoise par une Grande Fête Nationale que je dois organiser et pour laquelle je suis venu vous demander conseil.

—C'est fort bien lui dis-je et j'applaudis des deux mains à l'initiative de votre Gouvernement : mais quelque flatteuse que soit votre démarche auprès de moi, je ne saisis pas très bien en quoi je pourrais vous être utile et l'on vous a trompé si l'on m'a fait passer à vos yeux pour un homme d'état, un charpentier, un décorateur, un buvetier ou un chef d'orchestre. Du reste les réjouissances populaires sont particulières à chaque nation et si vous voulez mon avis tout net je vous dirais que je ne vous vois pas convier vos compatriotes à une partie de base ball à Kiangwan ou à un bal de guingette à Foochow Road.

—Aussi n'est-ce point là notre intention : ce sont là de petites variantes qui n'affectent pas plus qu'elles ne symbolisent le vrai criterium d'une fête nationale : à mon sens tout se résout en définitive en de plus copieuses libations et j'ai toujours pensé que les Romains étaient les seuls dans le vrai qui appelaient la leur : les Bacchanales.

—Vous êtes sûr de . . . . .

—Très sûr, mais la question n'est pas là : peu importe la quotité et la qualité des réjouissances populaires : que le peuple s'amuse peu ou beaucoup, qu'il ne s'amuse même pas du tout cela n'a aucune importance : notre rôle à nous gouvernement a une portée plus haute : c'est la fixation du jour durant lequel tous les habitants de la Chine seront requis de s'amuser et je dois vous dire que c'est sur ce point seul que je tenais à vous consulter : quelle date assigner à notre fête nationale chinoise ?

—Mais il me semble que c'est très simple : vous pouvez choisir par exemple l'anniversaire d'une victoire décisive remportée par les Républicains sur les Impériaux.

—L'idée est bonne mais je crains fort que nous ne puissions assigner à cette victoire de date extrêmement précise.

—Diable, c'est ennuyeux : faites comme les Américains : vous avez proclamé la République comme eux l'Indépendance : créez un glorious day.

—Le Conseil y a pensé un instant et la chose a même fait l'objet d'une discussion. Mais tout bien pesé, il a considéré qu'en ce monde l'inconstance des événements et la précarité des choses humaines est si grande que ce serait peut-être s'aventurer quelque peu ; aussi préférerions nous un événement plus bénin, moins marquant dans l'histoire d'un peuple, quelque chose comme votre prise de la Bastille !

—Comment comme notre prise de la Bastille ! mais est-ce que vous vous foutez de moi ? Pas un anniversaire entendez-vous, pas un seul n'est plus typique que le notre. Il symbolise l'abolition d'un régime exécré la suppression de bon plaisir des lettres de cachet et de l'arbitraire. La prise par le Peuple de ce donjon qui fut si longtemps l'objet de sa terreur fut la consécration définitive de sa toute puissance.

Et d'abord avez-vous seulement une Bastille à prendre ?

—Ce dernier argument parut frapper mon interlocuteur : aussi n'est que timidement qu'il me fit l'ultime demande suivante :

Ne serait-il pas meilleur de retarder de quelques jours la solution de la question : nous pourrions alors fixer notre Fête nationale pour le jour où nous aurions conclu notre grand emprunt national ?

—Sans doute, sans doute, lui répondis-je mais permettez-moi de m'étonner d'une chose : c'est qu'ayant adopté notre calendrier vous ne vous soyiez pas encore aperçu que les calendes grecques n'y figurent point ! Ignota.

ORPHEUS

MR. A. W. U. POPE, C.I.E.

S.N.R.

MRS. BRISTLER'S OPINIONS

"VIA SIBERIA"

Some people fight a trifle shy of Mrs. Bristler, but I rather affect her society when I get a chance—that is to say when she is in the mood to recollect my humble existence and favour me with a little of her worldly wisdom. I was first attracted to her by a glance—a withering, annihilating eyeflash—that I caught her levelling at a feminine aversion of mine, a flabby gusher. I felt it was the sort of demonstration I should like to make, but being only an abject male, hidebound in social chalk lines (if you will permit a mixed metaphor), on these occasions I have to smirk instead of glaring. However, it showed me that Mrs. Bristler and I had points in common, even if we were not positive affinities, and I was grateful to her, and thought of the chestnut about the bishop that missed a train in company with a profane man, who immediately said D—n, and was thanked by his lordship for relieving their feelings. From that moment I cultivated Mrs. Bristler.

Perhaps I ought to mention that Mrs. B. looks about forty, is substantial without being fat, has a somewhat Roman cast of countenance and is famed (and feared) for possessing cast-iron opinions which she enunciates with complete independence. Yet she meets her match sometimes.

Not long ago I found her one evening stepping out of her new motor at the Country Club, and looking round for poor Bristler, who is *not* her match. She observed me in the offing, as it were, hesitated, tightened her lips instead of smiling, and bowed. It was the first time I had seen her since her return from Home, and thus encouraged I went up to her and asked how long she had been back.

"I arrived two months ago," she said stiffly in a way that reminded me of my remissness in calling. "Yes, I came by Siberia. Did I like it? Why do you ask? Haven't you made the trip yet?

"No, but I am going home that way, unless you advise me not to."

"If you were married . . . " she began and broke off. "But as you are bachelor, things are different."

"Then you found it trying," I inferred.

"Excessively," she returned with emphasis.

"Ah! I suppose the accommodation is cramped and the food so-so," I suggested.

"No, the train was comfortable and the food quite good."

"The mystery deepens!" I said lightly. Whence, then, the excessive trials you endured?"

Mrs. Bristler paused and looked at me severely, for she dislikes flippancy. But just then she craved sympathy, so decided to overlook my manner for the moment and trust to taking it out of me some other day.

"There were Climbers on board," she replied as last, with suppressed irritation, and the consciousnest that socially she might be held to represent Mont Blanc or Fujiyama.

"Climbers!" I exclaimed, affecting (I hope) the appropriate amount of horror.

"Persons whom for years I have avoided knowing in Shanghai, and who want to push in. Six of them. At least I snubbed about six, though there might have been more."

"Masculine or feminine?"

"Need you ask! Women, of course."

"And they climbed *en route*. But how did they manage it when you were all in different compartments?"

"One can't stay all the time in one's own compartment, and they can pounce upon one when the train stops and we all get out for a little walk. Worst of all, there was one in the next compartment to mine, and we shared the same washing place. You know how the trains are arranged?"

"But you washed at separate times, surely?"

"Yes, still I gave her a chance by leaving a ring or two behind once, and she found them and brought them back. 'Your lovely diamonds, Mrs. Bristler! I have so often admired them on your white hand.' Of course I had to thank her. What could I do, cornered like that?"

"It was awkward," I murmured.

"She was desperately civil, and somehow she sat down on the sofa and began about how she envied me my splendid health, and went on from that, and never said a word about Shanghai."

"That was tactful," I remarked, "And how did the climb go on?"

"She stuck to me, somehow, and then fate played into her hands again when we left the train, for I forgot my umbrella—it was a very nice one, with a silver top—and she found it and pretended she did not know whose it was. So I had to go up to her before a lot of people, and claim it, and thank her."

"Have you seen her since you landed? Yes? Then I suppose she called on you."

"No, but she asked me to call on her."

"What push!"

"It was not done in that way," answered Mrs. Bristler reluctantly. "She said she was aware I did not want to know new people as a rule, and she supposed I would cut her in Shanghai. It sounded as if she was describing a vulgar snob, so I wavered."

"And you have actually called?" I said. "However, that was only one. Think of the six you snubbed, and be happy. Were they all Shanghai Climbers?"

"Of course. People from other places don't matter."

"Would it have happened if you had travelled by Suez, or the Canadian Pacific? After all, people pounce and climb on board ship, and have opportunities afforded by getting up sports, or dances. Then you run up against them on shore."

"But it is different," said Mrs. Bristler, showing symptoms of depression which were uncharacteristic. "Some years ago," she added hastily, "I made a voyage with this identical woman, and she never got near me."

"But she was younger then, less experienced in the great art of mountaineering, less accustomed to crossing glaciers successfully, let us say."

"No, it was the train."

"What does it matter?" I asked after a pause, seeing that Mrs. Bristler was really gloomy. "Suppose you call on her and she calls on you, then your acquaintance need go no further."

"But she *hasn't returned my call*," said Mrs. Bristler in a muffled and hollow tone.

I was tickled by the idea, but felt I ought to seem staggered, so I started and frowned.

"Doesn't she mean to?" I demanded sternly.

"I don't know."

"Perhaps she wasn't climbing, after all."

"Then," said Mrs. Bristler bitterly, "it was the best imitation I have seen for a long time. She is playing a game, that is what she is doing, because she knows it is awkward for me, and I have to be civil to her to lead her on. For she *must* return my call, now it has gone so far. But I shall flatten her out afterwards."

"That seems the best thing to do," I remarked, sententiously, beginning to feel stirrings of admiration for this new kind of Climber, which of course I had the sense to conceal from the injured Mrs. Bristler. "And what moral do you draw?" I added. "Not to travel by Siberia?"

"It is such a short journey," said Mrs. Bristler with a sigh. "But one ought to have some friends with one, and play Bridge, and have somebody one can trust in the next compartment."

We were interrupted at that moment, and Mrs. Bristler dismissed me with a mournful bow, leaving me to dwell on several small social problems. Why do other women want to scrape acquaintance with Mrs. Bristler? Why does she object? And what makes people gird their loins and try to scramble up into sets where they know for certain they are not welcome?

Coming down to this latest instance, one gathered that this ambitious lady, whose name I should like to learn, was playing her fish—to vary the metaphor—with nerve and skill. Will she finally return Mrs. Bristler's call, I wonder? And if not, who will score? These are mysteries beyond the dense intelligence of a mere man to fathom, but they add greatly to the unexpected charm of social intercourse. What would life be without its climbers!

NIGHT-THOUGHTS IN THE FOOCHOW ROAD

Tossing before the dawn, t'wixt two and three,
Methought the night-owl hooted on a tree;
A screeching sound to make the angels weep,
A tug or tender talking in it's sleep.
The hour strikes strident; pauses ages long,
Filled with a snatch of alcoholic song,
A Chinese carriage banging past in style,
And rattling rickshaws in an endless file;
An angry man locked out, and shuffling feet,
A squeaking barrow trundled up the street;
Hobgoblin hee-haws grunting through the night
Teasing my sleepless brain until the light.

Pity, O Lord, the Devil's laughing-stock
Still unaccustomed to the Customs' Clock.

HOMELESS

HENCE!

In days of old a fatal premonition
  Gave timely warning of approaching death,
You called your lawyer in, and your physician,
  You drew your will, and drew your latest breath.

In leisured calm you set your house in order,
  Infirm of body but of perfect mind
You girt yourself to cross the final border,
  And made things straight for those you left behind.

The stately sequence of the generations
  Which District Probate Registries evoke
Has given us our place among the nations,
  And tells the tale of England's Hearts of Oak.

How changed the story told by Noël Murray,
  Who auction all there is for the concerned:
Intestacy, indecency, and hurry:
  Your soul to Silence, and your body burned!

Old Barker dies,—his wife's been gone for ages:
  Only a few recall her bitter fate;
They pay in charity the servants' wages;
  The Bank gets what it can from the estate.

This is no proper place for men to die in,
  And those who stay here have themselves to blame.
Make beds like boats, to burn but not to lie in!
  Remember what ye are and whence ye came!

CRICKET QUACK

Weather conditions in June were distinctly favourable for Saturday cricket, rain fell mostly during the week which interfered with evening matches and net practice but on the whole some good games have taken place. H. B. Ollerdessen had the distinction of scoring a century against the S.C.C. and thus enabling his side to draw the match. Another fine performance was by R. M. J. Martin who made a welcome re-appearance into local cricket and notched a hundred for the Police against the senior club in his first match. The S. C. C. v Rest of Shanghai resulted in a win for the former Tait played brilliantly for his 46 and a last wicket stand by Billings and Wheen was distinctly refreshing, the downfall of the 'Rest' may be attributed to the fine fielding of the home team. Quayle and Mullins amongst the newcomers have already shown good form with bat and ball. Both these players are sure to have a good season. Considerable interest is being taken in the Junior League. The Recreation Club 2nd XI have a useful side and are showing up well; it is quite likely however that some upsets may take place during July. At the end of this month the S. C. C. pay a visit to the Navy at Weihaiwei, a most interesting match. The Navy will have a strong side and it will need a good lot from here to hold their own with them.

LITANY

When first upon a heartless world we came,
Feeling unclothed and small and very new,
Our Senior Daily sportsman played the game;
O Mother Mercury, we looked to you!

The Peking-Tientsin Times declared us great,
Nor paused to think if it were really true;
This from the herald of another state!
O Mother Mercury, we looked to you!

Gone the Gazette; the giddy Social mag:
Too harrassed to attend. The National Review
Blind to the beauties of our little rag,
O Mother Mercury, we look to you!

Punch has an ague, Truth is all amaze,
The Bystander and Sketch are simply blue,
Before the Times gets going in our praise,
Our Mother Mercury, we look to you!

DIARY OF A LAWYER DURING THE RECENT TROUBLOUS TIMES.

Monday. Instructed to defend a highway robber for robbery with violence. Pleaded that robbery was a form of protest against the misgovernment of the late Manchu administration and was therefore in essence a political offence, the motive being to bring about the downfall of the oppressors of the people. The matter was referred to the Consular Body with the assistance of the *China Press*. After prolonged deliberations it was decided by a small majority that while robbery with violence might juridically be held to be a crime yet a fine of $25 would meet the exigences of the case.

Tuesday. Defended a Cantonese mob orator on a charge of sedition, to wit the inciting of two men, five boys and an amazon in uniform to assault P. C 109. Pleaded that the Chinese had no voice in municipal affairs and should therefore be allowed the utmost latitude in criticising public officials, and that the words used when properly interpreted did not amount to more than mild political persiflage of a kind much indulged in by Editors all over the world. The Court dismissed the charge but sentenced the accused to two years' hard labour for causing an obstruction in a public place. A sensible but severe penalty.

Wednesday. Charged an ex-official with embezzling public funds from the town of Nan Tan Foo in the prefecture of Er Chu Er. He pleaded first that the late Government had no funds; secondly that he did not do it, thirdly that his salary had been 15 years in arrear and that he had only appropriated what was due to him, fourthly that he had chanced to read a letter from Ku Hu Ming on the Chinaman's ideal of loyalty, and that he had been convinced that his duty to the Throne was to protect and save the money belonging to it. He added that he was a staunch Republican and produced a half-slit queue in token thereof. He said that he would have been glad to pay the balance; deducting his charges, to the proper authorities if he knew who they were and if he had not been unfortunate enough to have lost all, playing dominoes with the local Tutuh. The Court intervened here and sentenced him to 7 days' imprisonment for gambling, the funds when found to be handed over to the Consular Body.

Thursday. Attended a meeting of shareholders of a Plantation Company at which the directors were asked to explain why the estimates exceeded the returns by 99½ per cent. The Chairman said he did not know, and could not help it, and, acting on my advice, refused to explain why he could not help it. Mr. Leathersides said the Legal Advisers, meaning me, were a set of mugwumps; Mr. Screwface said the directors ought all to be in gaol and Mr. Mush passionately appealed to the electorate to put him on the Board and admit members of the Press to the deliberations of the directors. The meeting terminated in confusion but to the satisfaction of Leathersides who acknowledged himself to be the hero of the hour.

Friday. Instructed to draft a form for trust to secure repayment of a Republican Loan for the province of Han Wi. The security to be the patriotism of the lender and the industry of the borrower, the innate virtues of the Chinese nation and the benediction of an anti-opium smoking missionary, with liberty to the borrower to repudiate at any time during the next five years There were also thrown in the right to confiscate any shares in the China Merchants or other companies of Manchu minions, 15 miles of unreclaimed land bordering on the River Yangtsze and a million and a half taels of unpaid native bank orders.

Saturday. A day of disaster. An American prisoner charged with escape from the U. S. Consular Gaol insisted on pleading guilty in spite of the remonstrances of the whole of the American bar, and the tears of the judge. A Latin Consulate gave judgment against one of its own nationals! My application to appear in the Nantao Court was refused on account of the suspension of the Court. Have since had the satisfaction of learning that the American prisoner has escaped again.

AU QUATORZE JUILLET

["The Consul General . . . suspended the whole of the French Municipal Council . . . They wished to cut down the number of telephones in the police service, but this was vetoed."—*Daily Paper*].

Come drink with us to-day
Your Veuve Cliquot,
Mes Pauvres Conseillers
Municipaux,
Ce Consul vous a fait
Un pied de nez,
But drink at least, and pray
For LIBERTÉ.

A telephone or two
When times are such,
We quite agree with you
Is one too much.
But either you must go,
Or smile and pay.
That's what you call, you know,
EGALITÉ.

That he's a parley-voo
He can't disguise,
We feel with you, we do,
We sympathise.
Personne que les Français
Sait ce que c'est
Ou peut comprendre la vraie
FRATERNITÉ.

Here's one Gimon for thee
And one for me
Prenez mon cher ami,
Mon abatti
De la Batie à bas,
Bois donc, oublie
Ce galimatias
Et tout ennui.

Dansons la Carmagnole
Et vive le son,
Of tumbrils as they roll
Et du canon.
La prise de La Bastille
Was aujourd' hui,
Ne vous faites pas de bile
Pour la Batie.

VIVE LA PATRIE.

CHILD'S GUIDE TO SHANGHAI

[*continued*]

Q. How is Shanghai governed?

A. By a Munificent Council.

Q. What are the functions of this Council?

A. It adds to the gaiety of nations by publishing a Gazette from time to time, and occasionally becomes embroiled in a lawsuit, thus combining amusement with instruction for the entire community. It collects rates with depressing regularity by means of little slips of paper, coloured blue to match the atmosphere they invariably create in the mind of the ratepayer. It also pulls the wires of the tramways, and keeps a fatherly eye on the system of drainage, or would if there was one. Further it makes the public pay for a Public Band.

Q. What is the use of the Public Band?

A. It bucks up the Community, and is millies better than any other band in the Far East.

Q. Are then, the inhabitants of a gay and frivolous nature?

A. They are extremely susceptible to the various maladies of the modern mind, such as the one-step craze, the charity-entertainment frenzy and bridge-mania.

Q. Do you refer to the Garden Bridge?

A. That was the only bridge known in the good old days, but now everyone is mad on auction.

Q. Do ladies play this game?

A. A good many of them are certainly under that impression. Vulgar persons have even dubbed the Ladies' Bridge Room at the Club "The Den of Thieves", but there is no truth in the insinuation.

Q. Is the district of Shanghai particularly mountainous?

A. There are a good many pretty steep hills of trouble about, but the only mountains are of that curious kind that are made out of mole-hills.

Q. Can you name the highest points?

A. Five cents is the limit allowed by the Club, but there's no knowing what people may go to after a good dinner at home.

A SIGH

My locks are grey that once were gold,
I hate the curls I wear,
By anyone they're bought and sold:
Oh, give me back my hair.

Alas, my rounded cheek has gone,
Fat rolls my chin beneath,
Of ivory pearls my mouth is shorn:
Oh, give me back my teeth.

Age we cannot keep at bay
And it must tell forsooth,
Time take thy dreaded hand away
And give me back my youth.

The joys and hopes I used to feel
In days gone by—they went—
Regrets—alas,—I can't conceal:
Oh, give me back content.

JINGLER.

ICH LIEBE DICH

RECOLLECTIONS OF SHANGHAI IN THE EARLY SIXTIES

BRINGING IN THE SPRING SNIPE

[NOTE.—In those days things were done in a much more rough and ready way than they are now].

A CONTRIBUTOR'S DECLINE

["QUACK"—'*more successful in prose than in poetry!*'—*Daily Paper.*]

Never ask me for lyrics my soft Listerine,
I have tried, and I've failed, and my lute's on the wall.
Now my future career's a grey might-have-been
And the past and the present are wormwood and gall.

Who shall dare write an ode, Mademoiselle Lanoline,
That's to furnish a hook to the critic in need,
Or for authors of satire, as some that I've seen,
Just to hang an effete and unwarranted screed.

I shall nevermore write for you, pink Terebene;
Find another dull clodpole to woo you in verse,
For be sure, and (the obvious rhyme is) serene
His success may be better, his song won't be worse.

Oh luxurious giddy Senõra Harlene,
I shall never write graceful romanzas again!
And my clinging, but equally smart Seccotine
Believe me your blandishments all are in vain.

There remains only, you Madame Sanatogène
You've a horrible taste, c'est à coucher dehors,
You're as hard on the palate, as good for the brain,
You have got to be swallowed,—Eh b'en, Zut alors!

SZE A-SUNG A STORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

By H. H.

BOOK II

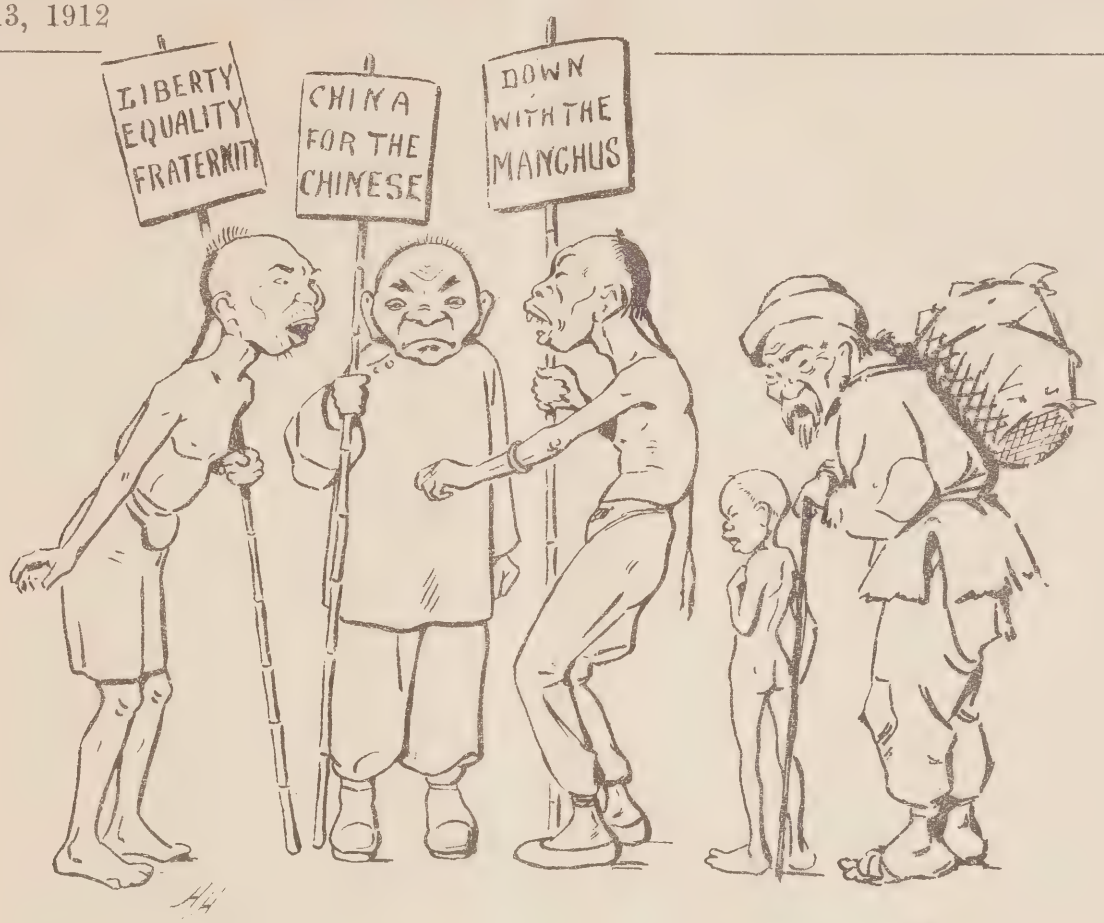
[*This story began in "Quack," June 1912, 2nd Number.*]

IN nineteen hundred and elev'n
The Emperor Ta Ching,
Sometimes nicknamed "the son of heav'n,"
Was ruling in Peking.

The kind of person, I surmise,
Who never could refrain
From killing inoffensive flies
Upon the window pane.

He was a tyrant bold and strong,
Who made men's blood run cold
By deeds of stealth and cruel wrong,
Though only five years old.

The sort of fellow who, at night,
Was wont to run "amok"—
To play with sticks of dynamite
And spoil his Sunday frock.



Now, naturally, and of course
Such stories got about,
And raised a clamour low and hoarse
To turn the Manchus out.

"Confound their silly politics,"
Shouts every son of Han.
"Frustrate their naughty, knavish tricks"
"An-te-de-lu-vi-an!"

"Now, like America and France,
We'll raise our battered head,
And will become, with half a chance,
Republicans instead."

* * *

T'was in the very nick of time,
When things began to boil,
The hero of this simple rhyme
Set foot on China's soil.

Young Sze came home to China,
(To carry on my tale)
By trans-Pacific liner,
A graduate of Yale !

His queue was gone ! his hair, instead,
Was greased and plastered flat,
And on his sleek and seal-like head
He wore a "gumdrop hat."

Young Sze came home to China,
His mummy wept for joy.
Tho' she was no repiner
She doubtless loved her boy.

With cotton wool his shoulders filled ;
With socks of purple hue ;
His pants were of the peg-top build,
And bull-dog type of shoe

Young Sze came home to China
As changed as changed could be,
I've never seen a finer,
More dignified Chinee.

(To be continued)

WITH APOLOGIES

Of all the folk about the place that I have ever met,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list,
I'd wipe a few from off the map without the least regret,
And they never would be missed—they never would be missed!
There's a Doctor hails from Holland, though the subject's rather worn,
There are one or two Directors now who wish they'd not been born:
There's the chap who keeps a-watching out for what you did'nt ought,
Who exhumes your pecadilloes, and who drags you into Court.
There's the nameless, aimless Bogey who's an airy casuist,
I'm sure *he'd* not be missed—no, they'd none of them be missed!

There's the creature who will never rest until your income's known,
The Public Analyst—I don't think *she'd* be missed,
And repeats it to the public with additions of her own,
Oh, I'm sure she'd not be missed—no, she *never* would be missed!
There's the lady who's the subject of a deal of pointed talk,
Who fills the Club with Broadway friends—the local, not New York—
There's the bridge-room fiend who quarrels with the other pretty dears,
And expounds her views upon the game until they're all in tears,
She loves to criticise your play, and simply won't desist,
She never would be missed—they'd none of them be missed!

There's our friend upon the telephone we cannot help but curse
Who will guttrally insist—I dont think *he'd* be missed.
If we are foreign devils he is surely something worse,
I'm sure he'd not be missed—no, he never would be missed.
There's an orator drums on and on, as though he'd never stop.
There's a ricky, dicky rambler here who badly wants a prop,
There are one or two who one-step, and who think they're simply "It,"
There's a laddie charging through a dance as though he'd had a fit,
O impulsive egotist!—You must give your style a twist
Else you never will be missed, you'd none of you be missed!

"1812"

TO A BOTTLE OVERLOOKED IN THE ICE-CHEST

Forlorn, forgotten, frigid, prone, she lies
Tombed in a very charnel house of meats,
Waiting the hand which, cruel to be kind,
Shall wrench the bonds that keep her subjugate
And set her spirit free to soar away
Into that sphere where kindred souls do meet
In solemn rite, to sip the beady froth
And signalise the season of high noon.
Neglected, see her there, in piteous plight,
Her fragile form cered in a dubious clout,
Her tinsell'd head enwound with tortuous bands,
'Tis but champagne, not real agony!

RUSTY CUSS.

REAL QUACK

DEAREST EDITH,

Not having seen you at the Swimming Bath lately I made enquiries and am so sorry to hear you have been laid up. Why didn't you let me know?

I hasten to give you an account of a few dresses I saw the other night at the Open-air Fête at the Bubbling Well, knowing your interest in these matters. I won't mention the names of the wearers, Dear, but leave you to guess. After all, now-a-days, it is the clothes that make the woman, isn't it? And the most engaging personality would be entirely overlooked if apparelled in sackcloth with even the merest sprinkling of ashes. Now-a-days too, in our very limited environment, I find one woman so like another. Don't you? Whereas clothes vary so tremendously and are ever and ever interesting. I can't think how the women of the Early Briton Era ever really spent what I should call an "Adequate" Day, with only their ridiculously small wardrobe to supervise.

Well, Dear, to cut the cackle and come to the rea hen, what do you think of a really queenly woman in a particularly fascinating bizarre costume of pigeon-blood ruby moss cloth, fastened at the back with rows of steel grappling irons and tastefully garnished round the hem with such quaint little leg-of-mutton niblicks.

Then, in addition to numbers of ordinary frocks, which only skilfully and insolently revealed the figure of the wearers, there was such a chic creation of clotted-cream coloured sateen picked out with tiny ruchings of strawberry coloured tulle. This was cut very high over the left knee cap, and rather low on the spinal column, and was made even more attractive by an enormous black tagel hat trimmed with no less than 33 imitation stumps of the *Hevea Braziliensis*.

I mustn't forget of course to name a dress worn by a rather stout woman, which I think was so appropriate on a hot night. This was a particularly tight-fitting stretched-satin sheath robe, in the new demi-quaver slate colour; a scarf was rolled twice around the neck and fell very low at the back in one long end terminating in a charmingly delicate bunch of straw-coloured vermicelli.

And then there was another quite simple but very effective gown in bright golden sun-rayed crêpe de chine, tied at the knee by a bunch of yellow and mauve onions. From here the drapery of mouse-coloured chiffon fell away, fell right away from knee to foot. Large open-mouthed snow birds adorned the shoulder straps and a sash of peacock coloured satin hung to the ground. At the waist was worn a large red delirium tremendiorum.

Now, Dear, I have only time and you have only patience for one more description. Imagine a lady (who I am sure cannot have received an invitation) turning up in a wax-red pongee variola sale-remnant blouse with a black-eye-coloured sateen skirt missing three at the back, and a pair of slightly soiled white cricketing shoes. A pair of C.I.M. black winter mittens, and a recherché little straw hat, sporting the colours of the 2nd Life Guards, completed this somewhat striking toilette.

Au revoir, my dear,

Yours ever,
MILLY.

TO THE AVIATOR

To gratify a curious whim
God's ways we want to spy,
He does not want us nearer him
Until—until we die.

He surely would have given us wings
To rise from earth—if so
He'd not neglect such simple things,
And this we ought to know.

Your life and limbs don't risk or lose
Your duty do on earth
And be content your feet to use
Till God gives wings at birth.

JINGLER.

JACKIE

VODKA

A GHOST STORY

CHAPTER II.

"... Followed immediately by Precipitate Percy."

CHARITY

The closest scrutiny will help us find
Some good in each bad thing we call to mind
How milk that's sour makes a wholesome cheese
Or helps us live as long as we may please.

Art takes a man offensive to the sight
And some redeeming feature brings to light
Discordant howls and most earsplitting shrieks
Adorn the music that the Master speaks.

The summer sun is bearable in bed
Last night's carouse outweighs this morning's head
A jury may believe you if you lie
The worst mosquitoe would not hurt a fly.

The suffragette once militant now knows
Lockjaw admits of feeding through the nose
A mute must have a splendid chance to think
Drowning you rise three times before you sink.

Each Daily News a little fun provides
Some comfort lurks in what the Bench decides
A rickshaw ride is grand when you get out
Appendicitis has its charms no doubt.

Gird not at troubles down in Old Chapei
Nor looking upward blame the Milky Way
One half the things that nearly drive us mad
Are every whit as good as milk gone bad.

D. C.

North China Daily News, May 10, 1912.

INSHALLAH DAIRY FARM AND STOCK CO.

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Use only the MILK from our COWS, Goats or Pigeons,
Pure Bred Kidlings for Sale.
Australian Fresh Butter.
Manager: 71 Ward Road. 'Phone 2315.

Where are you going to my pretty maid?
Amilking the Pigeons, Sir, she said.

North China Daily News, June 4, 1912.

"NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has this day "established his Office at No. 127 Szechuen Road, and will "take charge of all legal transactions in the International "Settlement of Shanghai or any other place in China."

WILLIAM CHING,
Counsellor-at-Law.

Now then greedy! give the others a chance.

The China Press, June 7, 1912.

"Young Lady (orphan), good-looking, industrious, domesti- "cated, musical, happy disposition and fond of home and "children, would like to correspond with gentleman (middle "aged or otherwise) with view to matrimony. Exchange "photos. Strictest mutual confidence."

The China Press, June 28, 1912.

"English Gentleman (bachelor), holding responsible "position and moving in good society, would like to become "acquainted with a prepossessing and accomplished young "lady. Replies are desired giving fullest possible particulars, "and will be regarded with the strictest confidence."

One of the marriages that are not made in Heaven.

The China Press, June 11, 1912.

"Cheap: One fox terrier, one blue terrier, one young "pointer (bitches), several Japanese half bred poodles, 120 "novels Eagle, Magnet, Arrow series, paper covers, practically "new, for $10."

Ten Dollars go a long way in these hard times.

The China Press, June 30, 1912.

"Refined Christian young lady desires to live in comfort- "able private christian home, for summer months, in quiet, "cool, restful, suburban section of Shanghai."

We too are Christians, and would like to be similarly rewarded during the summer months. What offers?

ACROSTIC

My first's a word that makes for weal or woe,
Depending if you've got some shares or no.
My second tag, when all is said and done,
We all attain when we are twenty-one.

If what the papers say is true my whole is up the spout;
My serious advice to you is—if you can—sell out!

1. Capricious is it's change from day to day,
   Less stedfast than the weather, I should say.
2. We always thought these people, save your grace,
   Are quite the most important in the place.
3. Emblem of night, a loathsome little ghoul,
   Within the grasp of every flannelled fool.
4. I'll buy, dear lady, since you look so killing,
   A dozen of your portraits for a shilling.
5. "I'm in the boat, shove off!"—we know the cry—
   Who is the fellow?—Neither you nor I.
6. The weekly sheet for costers and for kings,
   Where Vanoc airs his views on men and things.

There was a fat woman named Ruth,
Who was shown in a mat-shed or booth;
When they said that her girth
Was the largest on Earth
They were probably telling the truth.

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QUACK

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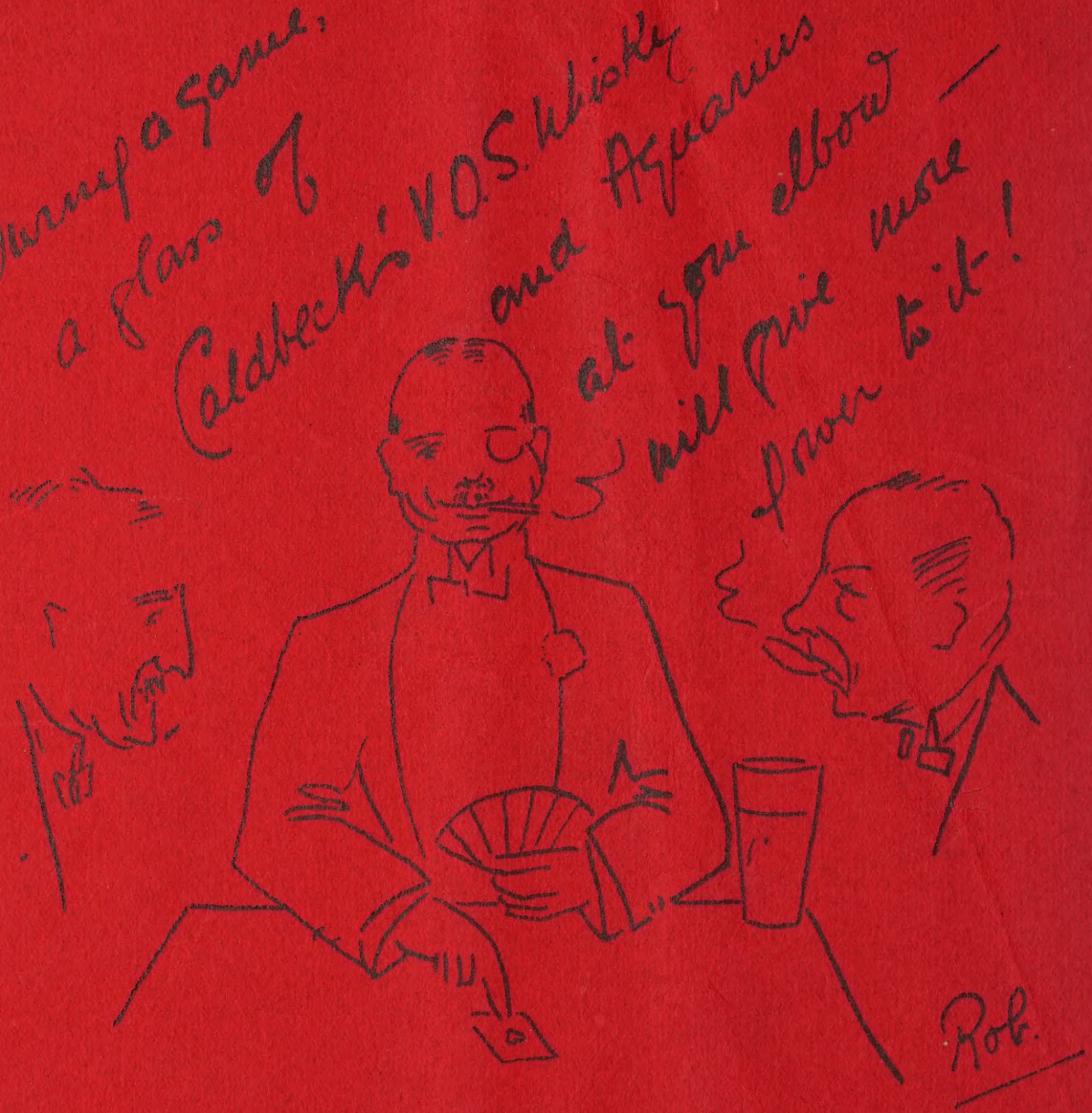

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